THE New Republic

Our Response
To Sputnik II
An Editorial

Pages 3-4

On Trial for Treason

By ALAN PATON

What Went Wrong in Algeria . . *Percy Winner*
John Jay Chapman . . . . . *Alfred Kazin*
The Unconscious Itch . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*
A Child's Quarrel . . . . . *Honor Tracy*

IT MAY BE MORE BLESSED, BUT . . .

By REED WHITTEMORE

NOVEMBER 11, 1957

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Washington Wire

On the Beach

WELL, WELL, Eisenhower is setting out to restore confidence, and isn't it fine? He gives his first chins-up speech November 13 and after that regular sedation will follow. America's scientific education trails Moscow's, but at least it isn't government-subsidized; our basic research lags, but it is purged of egg-heads like Oppenheimer and Condon; our defenses falter, but if those Russians start anything we will meet them on the beaches with a balanced budget! Don't worry, folks, it's not any worse than a bad cold. If we do get a US satellite up there, you can bet it will have fins on it.

Meanwhile a study of current reporting of the economic situation is rewarding. Optimism is a moral duty. "Layoffs Grow but There's No Alarm" is the *New York World-Telegram's* headline, telling of an expected million more unemployed. The stylized cynicism of journalistic euphoria about Wall Street is really well worth examination. Every stock market gyration, up or down, has to be explained by some trivial news event of the day, and any steady downward movement is rationalized as either transitory or immoral. The jolly Wall Street reporters are just a bunch of Cheeryble brothers; that is till they get to the nearest pub.

The fact is that the American economy is approaching its first planned business slowdown, very likely taking the economy of the free world down with it. The valuable, but over-done, "tight-money" policy has produced deepening gloom in the markets. We have been in a production recession for the past six months, it being the unique achievement of the Administration that it has produced recession and rising living costs at the same time.

One hopeful spot is the continued high rate of consumer purchasing; it continues despite three Eisenhower admonitions to the public not to buy so much. (Advice which makes his economic advisers cringe!)

Our advice to well-heeled readers: Keep out of the stock market for a while. Everything now hinges on Detroit. If the public buys the latest model autos, 10 inches too long to go into garages, then business may pick up. If they don't —the Administration will meet the crisis by reversing the tight credit policy and turning on optimism like a faucet. Well, we want to be shown. Once you get this nation good and scared it may take more than a few push-buttons to restore it.

Democratic New Jersey Governor Meyner is a personable chap who will be hailed as a Presidential possibility if he wins this week's election, as seems likely. Meyner is a kind of Democratic Eisenhower who favors good government, home and mother. These are good things to favor, of course, but Democrats like Hubert Humphrey manage to go somewhat beyond this.

Where Was Wenzell?

WE WANDERED last week into the old red brick building on Pennsylvania Avenue across from the White House, that used to be the Corcoran Art Gallery and is now the Court of Claims. In a room as tall as it is long, with walls painted oyster-gray monotone, where a plaster Laocoon may have writhed in 1859 or a nude Greek Slave caused modest down-fluttering of eyes of fashionable women in bustles who didn't mind black slavery in the city behind them, the Dixon-Yates case is being heard. Yes, the Dixon-Yates case. It is as topsy-turvy as the Court building, and straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The Administration is now trying to prove that the $100 million contract it signed and defended with Dixon-Yates was invalid because of a conflict-of-interest of Adolphe Wenzell. And Dixon-Yates is suing the Administration for $1,893,586. Only two newspapers, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and the *New York Times* are covering the story which reveals, as no other single incident in five years has done, how the Eisenhower staff deceived the President. They let the poor President go before two press conferences to declare, as he did June 29, 1955: "Now as for the Wenzell report, Mr. Wenzell was never called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract."

The government's whole case now is that Wenzell was called in.

The Dear, Dead Days

WE THINK Mrs. Eisenhower ill-advised to accept the 17 beaver pelts for a fur coat, even if it was to help the depressed Maine trappers. The State Department's deputy chief of protocol has just retired after his family accepted a $3,000 car from Arabia's King Saud. And we keep hearing an echo, an echo from a speech by a young man who now lives in a $75,000 house in Washington. What does it say? Why, yes, it was about a dog named Checkers, made September 23, 1952, and given as a "reply" to the revelation that he took a secret businessmen's $18,235 subsidy while Senator from California.

" . . . Pat doesn't have a mink coat. But she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat. And I always tell her that she'd look good in anything."

Those dear, dead days!

Eisenhower again last week blamed "the last Congress" because it "did not authorize us even a temporary rise in the debt rate (ceiling)." And why didn't it? Because, as T.R.B. explained and as Eisenhower wholly omits, he did not ask for it. In three previous years Eisenhower asked, and got a temporary rise Now he puts responsibility on Congress. It's a neat ploy. Why were there defense cuts?—Because of the debt limit. Why was there a debt limit?—Because of Congress.

Senator Kefauver ploddingly investigates steel increases with little more notice than when he first exposed Dixon-Yates. US Steel jumped prices 4 percent, or $6 a ton, last July right after Eisenhower urged moderation. A management consultant testified steel could have cut prices 10 percent and still broken even. Ex-Treasury head George Humphrey, now chairman of National Steel, is not likely to heed Kefauver's plea to cut inflationary prices "at least $3 a ton."

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Paths to Desegregation*

SIRS:

MR. BLACK, in his provocative article "Paths to Desegregation" (*NR*, October 21), developed a useful thesis of "executive firmness." My only regret was that he did not expand it further and apply it to the Little Rock experience. The Arkansas lesson hasn't taught

(Continued on page 23)

Sputnik II

THE SECOND Russian earth satellite and its promise of further Soviet excursions into space, following so soon after the first satellite which it has already eclipsed in public attention by adding the drama of an orbiting dog, allows of no doubt that a number of the Administration's most cherished policies are going to be subjected to a most agonizing examination. Sputnik I, which convinced even the most skeptical that the Russians actually have the intercontinental ballistic missile they claim to have (and the like of which we do not yet have) resulted in relieving the most stringent budgetary pressures on the defense establishment. Now, an Administration request to Congress to raise the ceiling on the national debt must be anticipated, in the next fiscal year if not in this one.

What the missile programs most lacked is not money, but as far as we can determine, it may not be possible to say the same for the satellite program (Project Vanguard). This is because of the decision that was made, and which now certainly appears to have been a mistake, to separate Project Vanguard completely from the missile programs and thereby to make it dependent upon developing its own missile. On this score the lesson is that the Administration badly underestimated both the chance that the Russians would achieve a practical satellite first, and the world-wide political impact that this accomplishment would have. Now the deficiency of our defense missile programs is perfectly apparent, since we have before us what the Russians have done. And because of that, the decision to spend more money on defense is a foregone conclusion.

But who should allocate the money and how? Mr. Trevor Gardner, who deserves and is receiving credit as the leading I-told-you-so, advises the appointment of a missiles "czar," who would report to the Secretary of Defense but have effective authority over all the various programs of the three services. A more radical recommendation is for the establishment of a "Manhattan District." On that, we should think the situation would have to be near chaos to justify the delay and confusion inherent in imposing upon it a new government agency at this stage.

The tendency to over-react to Sputniks by concentrating on missiles to the jeopardy of all else (or, to put it more precisely, to react in the wrong ways) can be held in check by bearing in mind that it is a long way from the successful test firing of an intercontinental ballistic missile to an operational system. That was so the day after Sputnik I went up, and it still is. Moreover, unless the missiles prove far more accurate than we as yet have any reason for believing they will be, they do not render our strategic bombers obsolete. In other words, no one will dispute that the salvaging of our missiles programs is our most immediate defense requirement, but it is essential to remember that not everything should be sacrificed to this end.

NOV 7

It seems to us too that an effective and sustained response to Soviet scientific and technological break-throughs requires more of a change of

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heart in Washington than is apparent. Complacency and star-gazing are still accepted behavior. Yet a completely new spirit is needed if our efforts are to prosper, a spirit of buoyant determination that does not thrive in an economy atmosphere. There must be, in some substantial measure, an actual *reversal* of the tax-and-budget-cut trend of the last few years. More money will be needed than that which is required only to relieve the pressures inflation has added to the deadening effects of the President's own retrenchment programs.

☆

This is what we meant last week when we urged the necessity of "running scared," and expressed our misgivings regarding the President's evident intention to offer the American people solace in his forthcoming lecture series. We have also pointed out the danger that our defense efforts, which already overemphasize the "deterrent" role of nuclear weapons of indiscriminate destruction, would be further distorted in this direction. Of course, we must put our missile programs in order and achieve at the earliest possible date an ICBM at least as convincing and impressive as the Russians'. And we probably should raise our sights beyond earth satellites and lay plans now to beat the Russians in the next stage of the competition, whatever that is to be (missiles to the moon and manned space platforms are among current suggestions).

But no less important than these urgent priorities is the general reappraisal of our defense postures which was already overdue before the Soviet ICBM became so menacing a reality. Surely we must not become so committed to the *use* of ICBM's, or of the strategic bombers in future crises between East and West, that there can be no mid-course for us between surrender of our vital interests to International Communism and an almost certain suicidal showdown. And along with this reappraisal, because it is indispensable to the success of all aspects of defense, we must do something about the manpower problem. Already our Strategic Air Command is gravely handicapped by its inability to retain the men it has trained; our missile forces of the future are not likely to have any less serious problem in this respect unless remedial action is taken now. For these reasons we have concluded that the recommendations of the Cordiner committee for more professional utilization of manpower in the military services are among the best investments we can make in our future security.

We would recommend further that the Democratic leadership in the Congress resist the obvious temptation to harass the administrators of the missile programs by hauling them up to Capitol Hill for endless testifying, after they have already admitted their shortcomings and while they are in the midst of trying to correct them. The Democrats, remembering their economy demands during the last session, have a lot on their consciences, but their burden of guilt will not be made lighter by sinning on the other side.

It is not easy to see these Soviet technological triumphs in perspective, to get their meaning for us. One of our gravest national shortcomings is an inability to achieve a balanced appreciation of our competitor. One moment, we look upon the Russians as somewhat backward pygmies, and as 10-foot supermen the next!

Yet whatever our views about its political system, the Soviet Union is a great modern nation, amply supplied with the resources and the talents to challenge our position of world leadership. This is true every day of the year, and not just on those days when the Kremlin announces some spectacular new technical achievement. We have been shocked to learn the extent to which, early in the post-revolutionary period, the Russian Communists began to lay the foundations of modern technology, and how soundly they went about it. But what could they have done that would have been more logical? World War I was enough to prove the national advantages of industrial and technical supremacy. And in the succeeding years *we* have not been reluctant to trumpet our material superiority.

When Khrushchev remarked to James Reston recently, "We are not just a nation of peasants," he was announcing that the American Century of material marvels was to be the Soviet Century as well.

And why not?

Labor's Reputation

WHEN A special AFL-CIO committee met last month to examine the cost of expelling the Teamsters ($840,000 a year in per capita dues), one obvious way that suggested itself for trimming $650,000 from the annual federation budget was cancellation of the newscasts by Edward P. Morgan and John W. Vandercook. But hardly had these two AFL-CIO sponsored commentators been advised that their contracts would not be renewed, effective December 31, than another special committee of the AFL-CIO was set up to explore ways of clearing the air of the odor left by Jimmy Hoffa. The new committee was authorized to plan a $1.2 million public relations clean-up campaign. Thereupon, it naturally occurred to some committee members to question of wisdom of firing Morgan and Vandercook.

Morgan's nightly broadcasts—"notable," said a 1956 Peabody citation, for avoiding "any suggestion of special pleading or propaganda"—are effective pro-labor public relations precisely because they do not bang the drum for labor, because they identify the AFL-CIO with public service. As one illustration, Morgan's honest and intelligent reporting of the McClellan Committee hearings defended labor more eloquently than any overt propaganda —however flashy—could have done. Labor, as well as the general public, would be the loser should he go off the air.

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Zhukov Departs

WISHFUL thinking about the inner weaknesses of Soviet society is boundless—and is not likely to be discouraged even by Sputnik II. For, one is told, for all its technological accomplishments, the Soviet system is constantly at the mercy of rival intriguers: political instability is thus a built-in defect. It would be interesting, for example, to trace the source of the widespread wishful thought that the army in general and Zhukov in particular were the source of Khrushchev's authority and represent "restraining" influences at the Kremlin. ("The real power in the Soviet state is now very largely concentrated in the hands of Marshal Zhukov"—Joseph Alsop, October 25, 1957.) It is true, of course, that professional soldiers are usually less addicted to sabre-rattling than are professional politicians. But surely this is not enough to go on: history records few instances of generals suffering nervous breakdowns at the prospect of war, and very many of generals obediently carrying out their duties, no matter how distasteful the regime. Could Zhukov be a projection of the Eisenhower image?

We know nothing about the specific circumstances which led to Zhukov's dismissal, and all the guesswork of experts cannot conceal our ignorance. Efforts to estimate Soviet intentions on the basis of personnel changes have proved in the past so wrong that one would think people would leave that form of pastime alone.

What do we know then? It is safe to say that we are witnessing one of the final, if not *the* final phase in the struggle for absolute power in the Kremlin that has been going on since Stalin's death. It has been obvious all along that the so-called "collective leadership" was merely a smoke screen to enable the leaders to fight it out with a minimum of interference from inside and outside the country. The purge of Malenkov and Molotov last July marked the decisive step in this conflict, and judging by all the criteria derived from past Soviet experience, Khrushchev is now firmly in power.

The conflict for power, however, one must remember, had two distinct aspects. The leaders not only had to fight it out among themselves, they also had to preserve intact a discredited and highly unpopular regime. From their behavior following Stalin's death one gathered that they were in a condition bordering on panic, and many of the actions that have taken place between 1953 and 1956 were designed to bolster the popularity of the system (to them a matter of life and death) without, so to say, emasculating it. One of the things they had to do was to disassociate the regime in the popular mind from the paranoic personality of Stalin and the dreadful police terror which accompanied his rule.

It is here, it seems to us, that the army came in. The Red Army represents the one institution where the regime and the population, the rulers and the ruled, really meet. On the one hand it is loyal to the regime and carries out its instructions; on the other it is, unlike the party, democratically constituted, and unlike the security police, relatively unsullied with Russian blood. Moreover, the army during World War II saved not only the regime, but the population. From the point of view of Stalin's heirs it was essential to bring the army into politics at once, in part to deal with Beria's dreaded police, in part to win popular support for the new regime. It is our impression that during the past four years the Red Army commanders were used by the party leaders as front men, and nothing else. Nor do we find any evidence that the Red Army either thought of seizing power or of exercising a dominant voice in politics. Undoubtedly, like armies everywhere, it had its grievances, but they were not of such a nature as to warrant the entry of the army into politics. The Red Army is perhaps the most satisfied group in the Soviet Union.

The exaggerated notion of the power of the military in the USSR is perhaps a reflection of our Latin American experience where disgruntled colonels could make and un-make governments. But the Soviet Union is no Latin American republic: it is a vast, partly industrialized, and heavily centralized state, with tremendous and complex responsibilities which an army could never handle. In the event of a severe crisis, in the event of a grave danger, such as the threat of foreign aggression or internal anarchy, the Red Army might step in and try to restore order. But there is not the slightest reason to suspect that this is the situation now. On the contrary, the party apparatus is to all appearances consolidating.

The dismissal of Zhukov, therefore, does not mean that the army gambled for power and lost, for it never seemed to have strong political ambitions, but rather that Khrushchev and his followers are now so firmly in power that they no longer require the army for its public relations service. If the army leaders misunderstood their function during the past four years, very likely they will now be told to mind their business.

It is significant, too, that the news of Zhukov's removal was accompanied by a noisy campaign for cultural exchanges with the United States. Might this not be the Soviet way of saying that Zhukov's dismissal will not signify any change in the post-Stalin foreign policy line?

A CATHOLIC FOR PRESIDENT?

Helen Hill Miller examines this question in three articles written for *The New Republic*, the first of which will appear in our next week's issue.

I—1960 Is Not 1928

II—Catholic Doctrine and the 1st Amendment

III—Public Office and Religious Affiliation

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Pay-To-See TV

DON'T sell your TV set yet. Help may be on the way! True, there is still more than half of the 1958 TV season to endure. But the Federal Communications Commission, after two years of hearings and 70 volumes of testimony, has finally set a date, March 1, 1958, for beginning a three-year test of Pay (or Subscription) TV, one way of getting something besides regular network sponsored programs into your living room. Meanwhile the three commercial firms licensed to experiment with subscription systems aren't waiting. Zenith Radio Corp. ("Phonevision"), Skiatron TV, Inc. (Subscriber-Vision), and International Telemeter Corp., a Paramount Pictures subsidiary ("Telemeter") are going ahead with plans for transmitting paid programs by wire over regular telephone lines or by special coaxial cables until such time as they can get FCC permission to put them on the air, along with regular radio and television. Such intrastate systems working on the telephone principle require no approval from the FCC. And technology is such that they can adapt themselves to an air-link if and when that is generally authorized.

All three systems operate by attaching a special apparatus to your present TV set for decoding scrambled signals sent out by the transmitting station. You unscramble the programs you want to see by putting money in a coin box or punching a card. The companies estimate that the charge for their programs would range from 25¢ to $2—the attachment to the set, about $25.

With 40 million sets in use in the US, the potential profit to the Pay-TV promoters is so great that they are understandably determined to get into operation before the three-year test period is over. Another delay for tests, perhaps followed by an adverse decision from the FCC, is longer than they are willing to wait—even though the cable costs by the wire system will eat into their profits and the market for the wire service will probably be restricted to urban areas for economic reasons.

A key experiment was begun last month in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where since September 3 Video Independent Theatres has been offering a choice of two daily movies for a subscription fee of $9.50 a month. Bartlesville was chosen, the company says, because "we wanted to compete with television in an area where reception is good." Public response, it is reported, is strong.

The Bartlesville experiment seems likely to bring Pay-TV to the public more quickly than will the FCC test of paid programs on the air. A broadcasting trade journal recently reported that 96 applications are now pending in City Halls throughout the country for franchises to use municipal facilities for the purpose of bringing Pay-TV into the home.

The immediate future of Pay-TV probably lies in such closed circuits. Opposition to the system's being given an accepted place on the air is strong both from those who don't want competition and from those who do. The three big radio-TV networks and the motion picture theatre owners, leading members of the first group, are pressing Congress to forbid the FCC even to test the pay plan. At the same time, Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) and others who have objected to the monopoly control of the networks and the sameness and staleness of their programs don't want Pay-TV either. They predict that if Pay-TV is authorized, the networks will quickly gain the same control over pay programs that they now have over free ones, with no change for the better but at greater cost to the public. And the Pay-TV producers, these critics say, would soon find that the coin boxes filled up faster from mass-appeal shows than from quality productions and would promptly forget their talk about raising the cultural level of programming.

It is true that in a democracy the mediocre and trivial often drive out quality products whose appeal is to too few. And in the case of Pay-TV, its executives might soon feel no more responsibility than present network executives apparently do to aspire to anything more discriminating than pleasing most of the people most all of the time. At least with Pay-TV, however, we would then have a choice of evils.

Brownell's Departure

IT SHOULD never be forgotten, and the week of his departure from the government is a good time to recall that Herbert Brownell, Jr. was the Attorney General of the United States who, one fine day during the McCarthy era, casually charged that President Truman, acting with full knowledge of the enormity of the deed, had retained in high office a Russian spy.

It is sin enough that anyone should be willing to contribute mightily to an alarming demoralization of our people by casting aspersions on the very patriotism of the previous year's President of the United States. Mr. Brownell, the politician, was presumably engaged in a smart and cynical and unwise maneuver to lick Senator McCarthy by joining him. But that is not all. Mr. Brownell was Attorney General of the United States, a member and officer not only of the Executive Department but also of the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. He took an oath in open session as an officer engaged under that Court in the administration of justice. Yet his attack on President Truman before the Advertising Club in Chicago (yes, the Advertising Club!) was based on a charge, made at the same time, that a dead man with surviving family—Harry Dexter White—had been a Soviet spy. Mr. Brownell supported this charge with a secret file which he never released in its entirety. By this act he sinned against the basic tenet of his profession and his office: the morality of the process of charge and proof in Anglo-American law.

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News from the South

WHEN HE finishes investigating labor relations consultant Nathan Shefferman, Senator McClellan should go down to Bay Springs, Mississippi, and ask some questions. To attract Northern industrialists, the town offered tax-exemption for factories and for the residential mansions the new factory managers would presumably occupy in Bay Springs. This, according to Benjamin D. Segal, director of the Trade Union Program on Civil Rights and Liberties, lured a Chicago electric blanket manufacturer to Bay Springs, and he has since shown the South a thing or two about busting unions.

Forty hours before 4,377 workers of the Northern Electric Products Corporation plant in Bay Springs were to vote on forming a union (a local of James B. Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers), the plant owner, Ed Russell, called together his employees (most of them women) and held up a copy of the local newspaper with a four-column photo on the front page. The photo showed "nigger lover" Carey dancing with a young Negro woman. Russell did not mention that the picture had been taken in Geneva during an official party for delegates to an International Labor Organization conference—and that the lady was a Nigerian unionist's wife. Such scare tactics, together with a whispering campaign and phone calls suggesting that union sympathizers were poor credit risks, defeated the union, 291-86.

But the Bay Springs story is not all the news from the South. There are surprising breaches in the wall of prejudice. In Birmingham, regarded as a volcano of potential violence, a circuit court jury required only 40 minutes to convict a 31-year-old Klan leader of mayhem in the castration of a Negro. Judge Alta King gave the Klansmen 20 years, the maximum prison sentence provided by Alabama law.

In Tuskegee, home of Tuskegee Institute, Negro leaders presented a petition to the city council seeking to restore the town's old city limits as they were before State Senator Sam Englehardt, White Citizens Council leader, passed a bill last May excluding all predominantly Negro residential areas from the city limits and leaving 400 Negro voters ineligible to participate in municipal elections. Englehardt has predicted the City Council will refuse the request. Mayor Lightfoot, however, has declined to comment before action at the next scheduled meeting on November 12. It seems reasonable to believe the Negro leaders have received encouragement from white citizens. This belief is strengthened by recent publication in the Montgomery *Advertiser* of a letter to the editor, headed, "Tuskegee Is Becoming A Ghost Town." The writer told of economic chaos created by a Negro boycott that followed their exclusion: "Clerks and business owners who formerly worked in Tuskegee have and are seeking employment elsewhere so that their families may be fed and clothed." The writer urged neighboring counties to help: "The people of Tuskegee say they are lonesome, that they had expected reassurances from their friends and that they have not been forthcoming. Reassure them by telephoning or writing; or better still, pay them a visit. . . . Make a token purchase from the merchant of Tuskegee. . . . "

And out in Pleasanton, Texas, a well-named town of 5,000, the schools were quietly integrated after the townspeople in an election just a week before approved the action 323-88. The high school principal, D. C. Baldree, said, "We want to show the world it can be done in a Christian-like way." Students, too, were generally in favor —some of them enthusiastic. Frank Tudyk, Jr., 17, senior basketball star, was quoted in the papers as mighty happy about the coming of Timothy Winters, 16, a basketball star for the Negro high school, who stands 6 feet 4. "Boy," said Tudyk, "we're just tickled to death to have that big boy come over here!"

TREACHEROUS LIBERALS

Is there something in Liberalism that makes the mind susceptible to treason?—National Review, *September 19.*

FOR those who feed on the Liberal creed,
What perils lie in wait!
Have facts not shown it makes them prone
To plot against the state?
This clue long sought, this pregnant thought
Is striking, but not new,
For Herod, Nero and Caracalla certainly thought so, too.

The Liberal creed is wont to lead
To the too-receptive mind
Which reasons why, and by and by
To treason is inclined.
The probing brain, the skeptic strain
Must endless mischief do,
And Torquemada and Ivan the Terrible certainly thought so, too.

The Liberal creed sows evil seed
In minds too much exposed.
(It's better when the minds of men
Are permanently closed.)
With minds controlled the tyrant's hold
Receives submission due,
And Abdul the Damned and Selim the Cruel certainly thought so, too.

The Liberal creed, if it succeed,
The State would undermine—
Free intellect they must suspect
Of treacherous design,
And liquidate before too late
The dangerous Liberal few—
And Khrushchev, Kadar, Mao and Grotewohl certainly thought so, too.

SAGITTARIUS

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The Superficial Aspect

The Unconscious Itch

SUBLIMINAL advertising is a fascinating phrase. It has, I know, a technical meaning that is pedestrian, matter-of-fact. It is the process of flashing upon a television or motion-picture screen an advertising slogan removed so swiftly that the conscious mind is not aware that it has entered the field of vision; but the theory is that the subconscious notes and remembers it. So, although the conscious mind may never have received it, "Use Pears' Soap" is implanted in the ego—or is it the *id*?—thence to emerge and imbrue the libido so thoroughly that Pears' volume of sales will rise like Sputnik and trace in letters of fire the glory of Madison Avenue across the curtain of night.

Aside from the technical definition, however, "subliminal advertising" has a semantic value that is even more enthralling. By clang association "subliminal" as applied to advertising inevitably induces a suggestion of the sublime, a goal toward which advertising has been working ever since Bruce Barton's tremendous contribution to theogony, the discovery that Jesus of Nazareth was essentially an advertising man.

It is immense. In scope it rivals and perhaps surpasses what many people have hitherto considered the most sublime achievement of American advertising—that TV show by which it convinced the electorate in 1952 that the character and attainments of the then Senator Nixon's dog removed any tinge of impropriety from his acceptance of a sustaining fund of $18,000 a year from oil and real-estate interests. That was, after all, a mere rocket-flight, and even if it reached an altitude of 4,000 miles, it was but a transitory glory.

To lift the whole function of advertising into the realm of the sublime is a feat of a very different order. The fact that it was done not by direct jet-propulsion but by so commonplace a force as the mere sound of words only adds to the wonder, for that is a force with which we are all familiar—witness Aldous Huxley's youth who was stirred to poetic rapture by "carminative" before he discovered what it means.

Of course, like all daring innovations, this one is attended with some small danger of a back-fire. In its penetration of the subconscious it may occasionally encounter an exceptionally hard-boiled ego aware that the dictionary meaning of "subliminal" is something so low that it is below the threshold of sensation. To such a mind "subliminal advertising" might suggest depths of degradation hitherto unplumbed. Now and then, there may be an apothecary's apprentice who will think of "sublimate," a particularly corrosive and deadly poison.

But this is presumably a calculated risk that the pundits of Madison Avenue deem well worth taking. Advertising now has affiliations so august that detraction is powerless against it. Has it not become the rod and the staff of both the Republican and Democratic National Committees? Does it not assume to itself merit for the election of all our high eminences except the Democratic Congress? It is preposterous, then, to think that any considerable numbers of Americans will associate subliminal advertising, not with the sublime, but with whatever is low and poisonous.

Yet as there is no omelet without the breaking of eggs, it must be conceded that even this triumph is attended by some small measure of loss. The characteristic of this form of advertising is its invisibility. It comes upon us unaware. For that reason the Sanhedrin of the advertising business has condemned it out of hand, assuring the world that it will not be used by any reputable advertiser.

Which leaves it to the disreputable. Since it is not detectable by any means available to the ordinary person, how are we to know that it is not being used even now by individuals disrespectful of the Sanhedrin and defiant of the opinion of the reputable? It is a disturbing thought to be creeping through the minds of movie audiences like the serpent in Eden.

IMAGINE the state of some respectable and upright citizen after spending an enchanted evening in his favorite movie-house. His conscious mind has been devoted to following the impeccable tale of how boy gets girl through a long series of delectable and decorous adventures to the final clinch. He expects, and he has every right to expect, to emerge cheered, holpen and no doubt edified. Instead of which he finds his libido bucking and rearing under the impulsion of monstrous desires. He is all unaware that his *id* is attainted, having been subjected for two hours and a half to the frightful admonition, "Vote for Faubus for President!"

He would be a ruined man. More than that, if he ever got an inkling of the truth, he would be a man who would never set foot in a movie-house again, which would unquestionably be the ruin of the republic. Some there be, however, who take refuge in the theory that advertising is not responsible for all phenomena, that some people drink Coca Cola because they like its taste, and would not drink cyanide of potassium even if the urge to do so were ever before their eyes.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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On Trial for Treason

So little is known here about the "Treason Trial" of 156 South Africans now underway in Johannesburg, the editors invited the noted South African writer Alan Paton, author of *Cry The Beloved Country,* to explain to *New Republic* readers what has been happening and what is to come. Mr. Paton cabled in reply: "It would be a [criminal] offense to discuss the trials except to report bare facts." Give us bare facts then, we answered. He does so in his report that follows.

Contributions to the Treason Trial Defense Fund, of which Mr. Paton is a trustee, may be sent in care of the South Africa Defense Fund, 4 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

by ALAN PATON

THE OFFENSE of "contempt of court" in South Africa is a serious one. A writer such as myself must confine himself to a reporting of facts about the Treason Trial, and therefore may not scoff at the trial, or insinuate that the government's real purpose is to cripple some of its stoutest opponents; he may not deplore the arrests, or discuss the guilt or innocence of the accused, or criticize the conduct of the trial.

It is legitimate, however, to suggest that the word "treason" has acquired a much broader meaning than it had before 1948, when Dr. Malan, now succeeded by Mr. Strijdom, came to power. The policy of *apartheid* [white supremacy] has now been deified, and to oppose it has become treacherous; if such an opponent is a white person, he is called by Nationalists "a traitor to his people."

It is in this atmosphere that the Treason Trial is being held at this moment in Johannesburg.

☆

On December 5, 1956, an hour before dawn, and in many parts of South Africa, the police arrested most of the 156 persons now held on charges of high treason. Number 157 is still at large. Air Force planes waited at the airfields, and took all non-Johannesburgers to that city, where they were detained in the famous Fort. A shiver of excitement and apprehension went through South Africa. Some asked "Are there so many plotting treason?" Others asked "Who will be next?"

Among the accused are most of the national leaders of the various bodies called the "congresses." There is the African National Congress (hereafter called the ANC), the Indian Congress, the White Congress of Democrats, the Congress of Trade Unions, and the Colored Peoples Organization. One hundred and four of the accused are Africans, 21 Indians, 23 whites, and eight colored people (that is, of mixed descent). Amongst them are lawyers, doctors, clergymen, architects, journalists, clerks, housewives, and laborers.

One of the most notable of the accused is the President-General of the African National Congress, ex-Chief Albert Luthuli, whom everybody calls "Chief," in spite of the fact that the Nationalist Government deposed him in 1952 after ordering him to choose between the Congress and the chieftainship. The Chief was for years a member of the national executive of the Christian Council of South Africa, and visited both the United States and India for the Council. He is a heavy-set man nearing 60, with greying hair, genial in manner but severe in judgment, a teetotaller and non-smoker, and a strong but not overbearing personality. In another kind of South Africa, he would have been in a position of high authority.

A quieter but equally notable man is Professor Z. K. Matthews, vice-principal of Fort Hare, the non-white college. He too is known in America, having been a post-graduate student at Yale. He is an eminent Christian, and in 1952 was the Luce Visiting Professor of Theology at the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

The Rev. Douglas Thompson is the Methodist minister in Springs, Transvaal. He is a devoted worker for peace, and will work with anybody for that purpose. There is no

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need for me to tell American readers that that can be dangerous to one's reputation. Whatever his fellow Methodists thought of his wisdom, however, they have been generous in their support of him. He alone of the accused is allowed to address "meetings," that is to say, he may preach, but his sermons must first be approved by the police.

Dr. G. M. Naicker is President of the Indian Congress, a disciple of Gandhi who played a prominent role in the Indian passive resistance struggles and in 1947 toured the riot areas in India with the Mahatma. He is a private medical practitioner in Durban.

Mr. Piet van Byleveld and Mr. L. B. Lee-Warden, M.P., were prominent members of the white Congress of Democrats. Mr. Lee-Warden was elected to the Union House of Assembly by the African voters of the Cape Western Area, and his election was widely interpreted as a snub to the Government, who claimed that most Africans wanted *apartheid*.

Although the accused were at first detained in the Fort, they were let out on bail on December 20, 1956. But they may not attend any meeting, unless it is of the most non-political kind. It is interesting to speculate whether the famous Father Huddleston, if he had not been recalled to England, might not have been arrested too; just as it is interesting to speculate why certain notable "freedom fighters" of the Congresses were not arrested at all.

☆

The real trial has not opened yet. But the Preparatory Examination began soon after the arrests in an atmosphere of frightening tension. It was the annual factory holidays, so that thousands of non-white spectators were free to attend. They gathered in thousands round the Drill Hall where the Examination was being held. The arrival of the accused in the prison vans was the signal for cheers and cries of support. There was no doubt where the sympathy of the crowd lay, and I don't think there is much doubt where the sympathy of the police lay either. Tension between crowd and police mounted, and on the second day the police fired on the crowd, wounding 14 people. Back in the Drill Hall accused persons jumped to their feet, crying, "God, no, they can't be shooting them!"

Luckily for us all, and for our country, the examination was adjourned over Christmas, and when it was resumed, the factories were back at work. It was resumed on January 9, 1957, and was adjourned again on September 19 1957, to allow Mr. Vernon Berrange, Counsel for the accused, to go overseas to seek expert witnesses to counter the evidence of Professor A. H. Murray of the University of Cape Town, who testified that many of the documents before the Court, judged by certain tests, were Communist in nature.

But the government will not let Mr. Berrange go overseas. It withdrew his passport some time ago, and sees no reason to release it now. For this it has been attacked by the English-language press, which no one can suppose to be sympathetic to treason or Communism. These papers have declared they are standing for a basic democratic liberty, the right to the best possible defense, especially when people are on trial for their lives.

☆

The case against the accused is a serious one. The Prosecution alleges that the accused were active in the so-called Liberation movement, that they had a joint organization, that they "propagated and preached the Marxist-Leninist account of Society and the State," that they called a Congress of the People at Kliptown and drew up a Freedom Charter, which was a step toward the establishment of a Communist state.

The Prosecutor, Mr. J. C. van Niekerk, summed up his case by saying that the basis of the charges of treason would be

> the incitement to and preparation for the overthrow of the existing state by revolutionary methods involving violence, and the establishment of the so-called Peoples Democracy.

The Prosecutor said that he intended to quote speeches and produce documents which would substantiate these charges. But he was not "in a position to say" whether he would allege that the contents of the Freedom Charter were themselves treasonable. The Charter says that

> We, the people of South Africa, declare for all the country and the world to know—
>
> That South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white, and that no government can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of all the people.
>
> That our people have been robbed of their birthright to land, liberty, and peace by a form of government founded on injustice and inequality.
>
> That our country will never be prosperous or free until all our people live in brotherhood, enjoying equal rights and opportunities.

The Charter also promised

> A universal suffrage.
>
> The abolition of *apartheid* and race discrimination.
>
> That the mineral wealth, Banks, and monopoly industry would be "transferred to the ownership of the people."
>
> That the land would be redivided "amongst those who work it."
>
> Freedom of speech, organization, association, religion, travel, and recognition of privacy.
>
> A 40-hour week, annual leave, sick leave, maternity leave.
>
> The abolition of the monastic system of "compound" labor.
>
> The opening of all doors of learning.
>
> Houses and security for all.
>
> National independence, with respect for that of others.

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The case for the defense was outlined by Mr. Vernon Berrange, Q.C. The accused have been fortunate in obtaining the services of outstanding lawyers, but it is no reflection on any of them if I say that Mr. Berrange is one of the most terrifying cross-examiners in the world. It does not pay to stand up before him with prejudice, malice, or a bad or dishonest memory.

It is proof that South Africa is not a Nazi country, that a lawyer like Mr. Berrange can fill with fear any Prosecution witness who is not sure of his case.

Mr. Berrange said that the Congress stood firmly behind the Charter, but they would show that violence and racial hostility were never their instruments. On the contrary, they stood for racial cooperation.

Further, the Defense would deny that the Congress of the People and the Freedom Charter were steps toward the establishment of a Communist state. It would show that the whole trial was politically motivated.

"We will endeavor to show," said the Defense, "that what is on trial here are not just 156 individuals but the ideas which they and thousands of others in our land have openly espoused and expressed. A battle of ideas has indeed been started in our country; a battle in which on the one side—the accused will allege—are poised those ideas which seek equal opportunities for, and freedom of thought and expression by, all persons of all races and creeds, and, on the other side, those which deny to all but a few the riches of life, both material and spiritual, which the accused aver should be common to all."

So the preparatory battle began.

☆

The preparatory examination would have lasted many years had not both sides agreed to increase the pace.

Twelve thousand documents were handed in. The days were hot (January is our midsummer), and many of the accused went to sleep, and had to be awakened by policemen who sometimes failed in their duty because they were asleep themselves.

All these documents had been collected by the Security Police in a series of raids on offices and homes. At first they were all handed in separately, and passages were read for hours. After agreement was reached, it took six weeks to dispose of them all.

In March, 1957, began five long months of speeches made by the accused. Some 600 meetings and conferences had been covered, and reported on by the Security Police.

It is interesting to note that of 29 detectives giving evidence, 12 testified, under cross-examination, that the non-violent nature of the campaign was stressed at every meeting of the African National Congress. The acceptance or rejection of the non-violent nature of the campaign is of course fundamental to the whole case, because South African courts have held that the threat of violence is an essential element in treason.

The right to adequate defense is basic to democracy. This was brought out many times, but I choose one outstanding example, when it was alleged by a policeman, named Mosilele, that a speaker had declared that it was time to shoot Dr. Malan, (who was then Prime Minister of South Africa).

BERRANGE: You say a speaker said, "It is time to shoot Malan?"

MOSILELE: Yes.

BERRANGE: How do you spell "shoot"?

MOSILELE: S-H-O-O-T.

BERRANGE: Now read the letters you have written down in your notes. Is it not C-H-E-C-K?

MOSILELE: Yes.

BERRANGE: Does that spell "shoot"? In fact your notes show that the speaker said, "It is time to check Malan."

MOSILELE: Yes.

BERRANGE: Then why did you say "shoot"?

MOSILELE: It was a mistake.

Toward the end of July, the Prosecution began to present evidence on the use of violence, and tried to link the accused, and especially the ANC, with violent acts committed during the schools boycott in the village of Evaton, where gang-rule and an atmosphere of intimidation prevailed; the Defiance Campaign of 1952, during which riots had occurred in Port Elizabeth and East London; and the campaign of the "Cheesa-cheesa Army" (the Burn-burn Army), the organizers of which no one had ever discovered, but which called on non-white people to burn white property.

Any political figure in South Africa who embarks on any campaign of resistance has to reckon with the possibility of violence. I suppose that is true of any country in the world, but riots and violence can have a more terrible aftermath here than anywhere else, because they can develop so easily into race conflicts. Deeds are done which set back the cause of interracial peace for many years. The leaders of the ANC have condemned violence publicly and unequivocally on many occasions. It remains to be seen whether the Court will regard such condemnation as an example of "aesopism."

☆

At the end of May Professor A. H. Murray, of the University of Cape Town, was called upon to give expert evidence on Communism.

He applied four tests to the documents before the Court, and concluded many of them were Communist:

1. Do they preach direct Communism by quotation from the Communist masters?

2. Do they do so by paraphrasing the masters?

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3. Do they exemplify "non-deviation"; that is, do they support Soviet foreign policy?

4. Do they exemplify "aesopism"; that is, is the superficial meaning intended to convey more?

The Defense has not yet offered its main challenge to Professor Murray's evidence, and as I said earlier, the government has refused Mr. Berrange permission to go overseas to discuss this evidence with experts.

But the brief cross-examination was dramatic. The Professor agreed that certain statements presented to him were the "sorts of statements that Communists make." Defense revealed that all these statements *except one* had been made by persons such as President Roosevelt, William Pitt, Heine, Luther, Voltaire, Milton, and Jefferson. The final statement had been made by Professor Murray.

☆

On September 19, 1957, the trial was adjourned for four and a half months, at the request of Mr. Norman Rosenberg, Q.C., for the Defense, so that expert witnesses could be sought overseas.

But the Government will not let Mr. Berrange go for this purpose.

The one hundred and fifty-six accused are now back home. Some have returned to existing businesses and practices. But some have lost their jobs, and are unable to obtain new ones, because employers do not like to employ persons accused of treason.

Only the persons themselves could say what this long preparatory trial is doing to them. But one may assume that it imposes stresses on character and behavior that are hard to bear.

☆

Some prominent South Africans, though not connected with the Congress movements, realized that the trials would impose tremendous financial burdens on the accused persons, and that it was nationally important that there should be an adequate defense.

The collecting of money in South Africa has not been an easy task. The word "treason" frightens many white people away. Many when they give us subscriptions, ask to receive no receipt at all. Our best collectors (in Natal at least) have been the Indian women. African people are not rich, and to collect large sums in small amounts is a demanding task. Without overseas support we would have been in a serious position.

The Preparatory Examination should be resumed early in 1958, when the Defense will, *inter alia,* present evidence on Communism. This may take another few months. Then the presiding magistrate will decide whether to commit for trial all, some, or none of the accused (amongst whom is one unfortunate person who has not heard his name or any activity of his mentioned during the entire Preparatory Examination).

Then the Big Trial will begin before the Supreme Court of the land. The accused persons will have no time for boredom then; they will be on trial for their lives.

It May Be More Blessed, But . . .

***Chest Fund at 87 percent with two days left*—Recent headline.**

by **REED WHITTEMORE**

IT LOOKS as if most of the people who used to write epics have gone over to working for charity. Starting with the epic philanthropists like Carnegie and Rockefeller, and moving right on down to the agents for the Community Chest, one can't find any middle flights anywhere. The big foundations set the tone here, and among them the Rockefeller Foundation's aims are probably the grandest: "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." Here are the announced purposes of some of the others:

Carnegie Corporation:—"the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding."

Guggenheim Foundation:—"the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding and the appreciation of beauty."

Russell Sage Foundation:—"improvement of social and living conditions in the USA."

There are of course lesser foundations, aimed lower, promoting less. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching merely seeks "to perform *all* things necessary to encourage, uphold and dignify the profession of teacher and the cause of higher education"; the Field Foundation wishes to devote funds "to *exclusively* charitable, scientific or educational purposes, including the encouragement of art and the prevention of cruelty to children"; and the Kellogg Foundation's purposes are "*confined* . . . to receiving and administering funds for the promotion of the health, education and welfare of mankind, but principally of children and

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youth" (my italics in all cases). But then there is the Ford Foundation, which is not only unrestrictedly devoted to the "advancement of human welfare" but has divided up humanity, for this purpose, into five "program areas." All in all it would be hard to find a higher-minded set than the assembled philanthropists who run these organizations and write their by-laws—*if* we are to believe their preambles.

But are we? Yes and no. Here is where the odd and contradictory character of the average modern foundation first appears. On the one hand we have the foundation itself, which I picture as a very large stack of silver dollars in neatly wrapped gift-packages (on each of which is a card, saying "For Mankind") piled in the basement of a Fifth Avenue skyscraper. On the other hand we have the executors of the money, whose function is to make the foundation businesslike. Now these professional philanthropists know it is not businesslike simply to give money to mankind; only a fool scatters money in the street; and so, when they look back at their preambles, they think they must apologize for them by pointing out that the preambles are phrased as they are primarily for convenience: first, to avoid legal questioning of the foundation's philanthropic ends; and second, to allow the governors of the money to concentrate their efforts wherever the world at the moment happens to need them. Such apologies seem reasonable enough, but they point up the central paradox of big-time charity: it is motivated by what we might call love, but processed by lawyers and bankers with IBM cards.

The origins of this unlikely condition are not hard to find. The great philanthropists who started the show were businessmen supreme, and even in their penitent last years, when they were trying to put their characters on a par with their bank accounts, they tended to emphasize the importance of *systematic* charity. Rockefeller set himself up a little chart for the "advancement of civilization" in which he divided the world up into various program areas like the ones the Ford Foundation now subscribes to:

> 1. Progress in the means of subsistence, that is to say, progress in abundance and variety of food supply, clothing, shelter, sanitation, public health, commerce, manufacture, the growth of the public wealth, etc.
>
> 2. Progress in government and law, that is to say, in the enactment of laws securing justice and equity to every man, consistent with the largest individual liberty, and the due and orderly enforcement of the same upon all.
>
> 3. Progress in literature and language.
> 4. Progress in science and philosophy.
> 5. Progress in art and refinement.
> 6. Progress in morality and religion.

Of course Carnegie had a list too—indeed it antedates Rockefeller's by 20 years. It too contains a good deal of talk about progress; it too tends to merge art and refinement; and, most important, it too seems to have been provoked by a great respect for *system*. Carnegie, one might say, was the first great modern systematizer of philanthropy. He was violently opposed to "indiscriminate giving," asserting that "it were better for mankind that the millions of the rich were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken and the unworthy"; and he was with equal violence in favor of rich men who were responsible and systematic enough to do their own discriminating:

> It is well to remember that it requires the exercise of not less ability than that which acquires it, to use wealth so as to be really beneficial to the community.

Thus he arrived at his famous conclusion that the millionaire should be "but a trustee for the poor," wise enough to help those who could help themselves, moral enough to let the others go hang. The list is much more specific than Rockefeller's, and he discusses it at length. On top of it is "the founding of a university," an act which is "reserved for very few," notably Senator Stanford. Second is the gift to a community of a free library —here he singled out Enoch Pratt as a model. Then, in order, the following come trailing after: hospitals and medical schools; public parks; concert halls; swimming baths and clubs; churches.

WHICH list is the odder? I think Carnegie's is, mostly because of the swimming baths. But it is, nonetheless, a pleasant list, having the marks of a man on it as Rockefeller's does not, and as our current area programs do not. It would have been even odder and pleasanter if, when he composed it, he had included one of his pet later projects, also clearly his, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. That was started in 1904 with the following preamble:

> Gentlemen: We live in an heroic age. Not seldom are we thrilled by deeds of heroism where men or women are injured or lose their lives in attempting to preserve or rescue their fellows; such the heroes of civilization. The heroes of barbarism maimed or killed theirs.
>
> I have long felt that the heroes and those dependent upon them should be freed from pecuniary cares resulting from their heroism, and, as a fund for this purpose, I have transferred to the Commission $5 million of First Collateral Five Percent Bonds of US Steel Corp.

In characteristic fashion he then moralized the funds by limiting their consumption to *worthy* heroes:

> No grant is to be continued unless it be soberly and properly used, and the recipient remain respectable, well-behaved members of the community, but the heroes and heroines are to be given a fair trial, no matter what their antecedents. Heroes deserve pardon and a fresh start.

Comparing Rockefeller and Carnegie we can see im-

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portant differences in their plans for improving the world, but a common interest in planning as such. The same is true of our modern foundations which are, though different, all planners' paradises. As a result their doings and writings have a special character not to be found elsewhere, a peculiar flavor that is sometimes *funny*-peculiar and sometimes just unpleasant.

The funny-peculiar flavor is produced because charity, as Portia said of mercy, cannot be strained—and yet by gum it has been. Thus, after Carnegie's paean of praise to heroes in general, his restriction of the funds to sober, respectable heroes comes as a joke, and even the perfectly reasonable restriction—that the "heroic acts must have been performed in the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, the Colony of Newfoundland or the waters thereof"—seems funny too. This kind of humor rages through the pages of our foundation philanthropists; they can always be caught dividing the indivisible, or tacking some niggling legal qualification on to a big speech about alleviating human suffering, improving the lot of Man.

But they are not the only comic figures on the philanthropic scene. There are also the gentlemen who are philanthropists in reverse, namely the leaders of the many organizations that ask *us*, the people, to be philanthropists. They use the same language as the other philanthropists, and they make the same divisions of the indivisible. Only, when they do it it doesn't seem funny.

I HAVE a lawyer to help me with my income tax, for I have a weak head about the world's long and short forms. When he and I, recently in conclave, got to the section on Gifts, I disappointed him mightily by reporting that my gifts for the year in question amounted to $89. If I had had my Bible handy I might have said, "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee," but I didn't have it. Anyway there are other quotations with which he might have refuted me, such as, "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor." All in all the argument would have gone badly for me if it had taken place, so it didn't. We went right on to the other deductibles: medical expenses, gasoline taxes, and the costs of typewriter ribbons for my profession. When I left his office I was even able to imagine that he had forgotten or forgiven me my poor showing as a giver, for I got out safely, and paid my tax on time too. It is only now, in retrospect, that I feel I must rise to my defense.

I am not against Charity. No one to my knowledge has said anything against Charity (except perhaps the Marxists) for some time, and I for one don't want to break the silence. Why should *I*?—I put my official $89 into Charity last year, and perhaps half as much again into it unofficially; so I am clearly a backer of principle, though no enthusiast. The salt hath simply lost its savour, and I think I know why. A recent letter from an agent for the Yale Alumni Fund gives me a clue.

It begins: "Dear Ed."

It has begun in this manner for a number of years; so far as I know it has always begun this way. And what is wrong with this way?—nothing, except I am not called Ed. Edward is, it is true, my first name, but I am called by my second name and have been called by my second name by all friends and near acquaintances ever since I was a child (correction: I had a school chum a long time ago who called me Shrimpy). The only persons or institutions who have persisted in calling me Ed are my former counsellor at college, the US Army and the above-mentioned class agent. They are all of a piece in my mind as a result, and Charity has suffered from being connected with one of them.

The letter continues: "It has frequently been observed that as we grow older our patterns of giving tend to become fixed. This observation has not, however, been proved true by the gifts of the class of 19—. Five years ago 56 percent of the class gave to the Alumni Fund; last year only 49 percent did so. . . ."

The agent then laments this seven percent decline for a paragraph, points out that Yale's need is greater than ever, and concludes with, "Hoping to hear from you, Best wishes, ————."

I think it is fair to say this letter annoys me—in three ways: first, by addressing me as Ed; second, by talking of *hearing from* me when the last thing wanted from me is a letter or phone call; and third, by mixing two unmixable ingredients, friendship and percentages. As a whole the letter (though I'm not going to take it to court, nor even perhaps stop giving to Yale, a worthy educational experiment), gives me the creeps as Rockefeller, Carnegie and all the foundations do not. Furthermore, it is not an odd letter; most of the fund-raising letters these days share its vices.

But why should I care about the *manner* of a request for money when the request itself is a just one? After all, the class agent I am picking on is, for all I know, a poor hardworking vice president doing his bit for Yale on weekends for nothing. And he in his turn is plagued by "dear Ed" letters too. Certainly he is no professional philanthropist. Why pick on him?

I pick on him only because he is part of the system, the system of regularized good will that makes it possible for our charitable organizations to walk around looking like saints and hucksters simultaneously. These organizations are committed to all the businesslike principles advocated by Rockefeller and Carnegie, but their job is complicated by having to get the money as well as spend it. And to get it they feel it is perfectly proper and appropriate, because it is businesslike, to use any of the devices Procter and Gamble might use to sell soap. But surely Yale University has clearer ethical commitments than Procter and Gamble (who should of course have some), and, indeed, harps on them constantly in its huckstering. In

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fact one of the commodities the Yale Alumni Fund sells is ethics, the ethics of charity, the ethics of giving to that worthy cause in the center of New Haven.

Ethics, as we all know, is that eccentric course at college where the problem of the relationship between ends and means is always coming up. This is why I must insist that the *manner* of my class agent in addressing me as "dear Ed" is a matter worthy of contemplation. To put it strongly this agent has sent me a love letter—but he doesn't know my name; he has therefore used and abused love for his own (as it happens, good) ends. And when he says he hopes to hear from me he has again abused our intimate relationship, a fact well attested to by the characteristic philanthropic slip in the middle of his letter where he inadvertently reduces me to some fraction of a percent existing, presumably, between 56 and 49. I submit, with a slight smirk, that these manners are unethical. So also is his procedure of writing me over and over again when my check does not appear in the morning post (Dear Ed: I wonder if perhaps you have not forgotten that the . . .). So also is the "shame, shame" trick employed by the Alumni Fund itself, of printing the names of all givers and distributing them broadside. Bad manners all, but effective.

But not really *very* bad, you may say. I agree. To all of my picayune criticism I hope my readers are muttering little four-letter words; for I realize that the ethics of charity is not to be mastered by picking on "dear Ed" letters. They are merely symptomatic of a larger ethical difficulty which is also, as it turns out, a business difficulty for modern charity. Perhaps I am unrepresentative, but I don't think so. I find myself being rendered less and less charitable every year by charity. I don't know what I would have been if I had *not* had knocking at my door for so many years the fat fists of the Community Chest, the Red Cross, the Yale Alumni Fund, Boys' Town, the Christmas Seal Committee, the March of Dimes, the Phillips Academy Alumni Fund, the Hopkins Grammar School Alumni Fund, the Northfield Swimming Pool Committee and a number of others. I don't know what I would have been *without* the activities of these organizations, but I would not, I think, have been what I now am, apathetic. They have bled me of what charity I might have had (not my money; I'm stingy with that) and left me selfishly committed to maintaining myself and my family in a condition of uncharitable splendor. I would sooner spend $50 getting indigestion in a rapacious French restaurant than 50 percent helping flood victims in Missouri. I am more charitably disposed toward Yale, but not much more—and if I receive many more "dear Ed" letters I'll be swung over to the flood victims. In any event I'll not be eligible for salvation for my charitable acts. I have not committed any.

What have I done? Well, I have done nothing! I have *been* done. I have been put on lists, circularized, visited, given little buttons, and even cajoled into becoming a fund-raiser myself; and in all this the impulse has not come from me but from the Others. And who are the Others? Most of them are like me, only further in; they too have been circularized, visited and cajoled; they too have watched themselves become a part, willy nilly, of some large and impersonal organization whose demands they did not feel they could resist. Only they were not addressed as "Ed," were not offended as I have been.

It is to their credit that they were not offended. They have better dispositions than mine perhaps, or perhaps they are really more charitable (I certainly hope so). But they too are caught in the system; they too are, as David Riesman puts it, other-directed. Indeed there is, I think, no clearer or more impressive evidence of the other-directedness of our society than in the responses of our society to the pressures of the big charities, the ones that go on television, the ones that give out buttons, the ones that insist on our becoming decimal points in some percentage. And what is wrong with being other-directed if the direction is a good one? A lot, unfortunately. I must stick with Milton here and insist upon the importance of free will.

SURELY the act of charity is, above all acts, the act of the free (and loving) agent; if it is not this it is simply not a charitable act at all, but something else —too often an act of mere weakness, of giving in to the pressure of a Madison Avenue bombardment. Rockefeller and Carnegie knew this. They insisted upon the importance of the giver figuring out and systematizing *his own* pattern of giving; Carnegie even going so far as to say that "no man is to be extolled for doing what he cannot help doing." Of such men he added: "there is no grace in their gifts."

He was right. And nowhere is he more eloquent than on this point. Yet the *system* of modern charity is all geared up to make us do what we should do not because we want to but because we can't help it, can't resist it, can't just sit around day after day with the letters coming in and the agents ringing doorbells. Not only that, but it is geared also to extol us for our helpless benefactions —by printing our names in public, giving us buttons, and sending us engraved letters of thanks from our university presidents and fund chairmen. The results from all this activity may be good but there is no grace in the giving which produces the results. Furthermore, the results may not continue to be so good if, as in my sad case, the system breeds a contempt for, or a simple *malaise* from, Charity.

As for myself, sometimes I think I'll start my own foundation. It won't be much (at the moment the only project I contemplate is a Fund for Pencils in the card catalogue room of the Carleton Library). But it'll be *my* foundation, by God. The trouble is it probably won't be recognized by the government, so won't be deductible.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Left-over Transcendentalist

by Alfred Kazin

THIS BOOK came out just as the Little Rock crisis began, and one morning, when *The New York Herald Tribune* reproduced on its editorial page the words that John Jay Chapman once spoke in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, after a lynching, there was a flare-up of the old pride and faith in many a soured American heart. For John Jay Chapman (1862-1933) was the last Emersonian, a man who tried to live by conscience as if it were an absolute, and a year after a mob had burned a Negro to death under particularly horrifying circumstances, Chapman had gone down to Coatesville entirely on his own, had held an individual prayer meeting there, exactly as Thoreau had once taken the Concord Town Hall in order to honor the memory of John Brown.

Selected Writings of John Jay Chapman, edited and with an introduction by Jacques Barzun (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $5).

Chapman's great quality was always a gift for stirring up again the embers of our old faith. In a culture like ours, which possesses so few traditions in common that it must emphasize certain spiritual episodes in its past, a figure like Chapman, who on every side of him, up to his very name, incarnates continuity, serves with peculiar emotional force to remind us of the heroic period in our history, to revitalize the symbolic theme of our experience. And Chapman himself, like so many American literary critics, was himself so nostalgic, so imprisoned in memory by the epoch to which he thought he belonged, that he did his best work in magnificent essays on Garrison and Emerson—both included in this long-needed selection from Chapman's work.

Each of these essays—the first appeared as a book in 1913—has a peculiar emotional vibrancy which reveals Chapman's passion and relief at being able to live again in his rightful period. In each, Chapman assumes the greatness of his subject as a matter of course, and though Garrison and Emerson are very different, Chapman manages to make the reader feel that they are part of the same movement of greatness in the American mind.

IN READING these essays, one has the sense of being recharged and uplifted —not by mere partisanship of old causes, such as professional liberals give us when they invoke the past as a slogan, but through imaginative re-involvement. Chapman prefaces the second edition of his book on Garrison by telling us of an historian who, while the Civil War was in progress, actually felt no interest in it, but who in 1895 became so absorbed and excited in writing a biography of Lincoln that "he lived it over again and could not sleep at night." Chapman had that gift of imaginative participation to an astonishing degree. But what is most astonishing about it—and peculiarly the mark of a critic rather than of an historian—is that he was excited by old ideas, fought them over again, saw them at work in his own life, wrote about them with a vehemence that makes the reader of these two extraordinary essays believe that Chapman wrote about Garrison and Emerson because he felt that he was engaged in exactly the same struggle.

But he was not. And it is this lack of actual historical sense, despite his strong identification of himself with the past, that makes Chapman so passionate and yet so baffling a figure. Chapman is "religious," a visionary, in the sense that he sees his own ideals as permanent and classic features of thought, cannot admit that the ideal may be present under another name, sees Emerson and Garrison struggling for the light against the commercial interests that, of course, particularly oppressed Chapman's own generation in the years between the Civil War and the First World War. Although Chapman's material is history, always history, he has actually little historical detachment, and this is why he excitedly re-lived Garrison's life instead of writing *about* him. Equally, the essay on Emerson, though magnificent in its moral exaltation, is really a portrait of the superior individual in the Industrial Age threatened by the mob; it does not come to grips with the first—and decisive—phase of Emerson's thought, his attempt to convert the religion of his fathers into a personal ritual. "If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson." That cry was uttered by John Jay Chapman, not by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson never cried out at all—at least not in public (and not very much, we may be sure, in private). Chapman *always* cried out. His tragedy, as everyone who has studied his career knows, is the tragedy of a man born out of his time (or who thought that he was, which can be the same thing), a man dominated by historical wistfulness and forced to posturings in his immediate circle, a man who kept fighting for causes that had long since been won because he was not able to define to himself the causes—partly personal, mostly circumstantial—that oppressed him in his own lifetime.

THE PROOF of this is Chapman's telltale reliance on "passion" for its own sake, on "religion" as a self-conscious gesture, on vehement outbursts against "America" and the "modern" rather than against the comfortable clubmen among whom he lived and whom he always enjoyed, in his own complacent way, far more than he could admit. The causes that Chapman gave himself to in his own time were always incidental or incoherent. Exactly like Theodore Roosevelt (his one-time crony in civic reform movements) in his unconscious snobbery, his hectoring of the American people—he too hysterically insisted from 1914 on that America had to sacrifice its young men in the First World War, and when his son Victor died as an aviator with a French squadron, was able to write in the same letter that

> . . . the consolatory feature of it is that the individual has so much power

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> —a few insuppressible individuals change the reputation of a hundred millions. . . . The thing we need is depth of feeling, and this is religion.

Emerson has often been savagely criticized by traditionalists for having helped to destroy formal religion in America, but he would never have written anything so subjective and essentially incoherent as "the thing we need is depth of feeling, and this is religion."

A PHRASE like "depth of feeling," calling attention to one's own "spiritual" superiority in a period of great materialism, over and over again reveals Chapman's personal priggishness. He has the quality that one sees in Theodore Roosevelt's professional gusto and boyishness —the mark of a gifted individual who cannot or will not sacrifice the standards of his own particular clan and group and who dramatically converts his guilt into a theatrical exuberance and showmanship. Just as T.R. was always posing (and often just plain lying) in order to give policemen, soldiers, settlement children and other inferiors a touch of his showy "leadership," so Chapman was always the would-be saint, the spoiled priest of his preparatory school set, calling attention to himself as "religious" and "fiery" when he plainly felt peculiar and inert. Chapman's letters, as one reads them in Mark De Wolfe Howe's official biography, show a man who more and more was content to be the "wild man" of his clubby, chummy, smug little group. His utter hysteria about the First World War, like his later hysteria about Jews and Catholics, show a man whose eye is not really on the ball, who devotes himself to causes but who is not really absorbed by any subject, who is constantly posing, "shocking" his little group, flitting from enthusiasm to enthusiasm.

In part this is the tragedy of a certain lack of *profession*. Admittedly, he was no more of an amateur than Emerson was, or than many American critics have been. They have all been commentators at large. But it is not his little plays and poems, his selective little translations of Dante, his presumption in writing a book on Lucian, that makes him so irritatingly the pretentious country squire, the intellectual boy scout of T.R. of the period; it is his self-consciousness.

From Emerson to Mencken, or from Emerson to Edmund Wilson, we have always had a great tradition of the critic as iconoclast and prophet. But even Mencken, with his personal smugness, makes you feel that when he is lambasting the booboisie, he is really writing about *them*, not saving himself from them. And just as Emerson had this gift for raising his discourse above himself, so one feels about Chapman that he is always a little too conscious of being "mad Jack Chapman," the *enfant terrible* of his circle, the only man in it who *thought* it required great courage to speak out against President Eliot.

It is typical of Chapman's essential incoherency and complacency that when, in his old age, a friend urged him to "save" the Episcopal church, he answered "there must be some things for which I do not agitate."

But typically enough, it was middle-class Jews in Atlantic City that offended him, not the Sacco-Vanzetti case; it was Al Smith daring to run for the Presidency, not the smugness of Herbert Hoover, or the horrors of mass slaughter in the First World War. And the Chapman who hobnobbed with Nicholas Murray Butler at Fred Vanderbilt's party was the same man who could attack Whitman as a "tramp" and applaud Santayana only when the latter attacked German philosophy in the First War; who was proud of being considered "mad" and "bad," but was simply the pet bulldog of his clan, and even more egregiously than Shaw, the pet entertainer of the group he was always pretending to defy, no danger to anybody. It was Chapman, ironically enough, who said of certain writers and painters of the nineties that they were

> . . . O my! all amateur. Neither John Sargent nor Whistler nor Henry James had the attitude of workaday artists toward their work. They were each doing a stunt. . . . And all these people gas and talk and attitudinize. As for Shaw, he's the caricature of a caricature—the monkey of the show.

But if these things are true of Sargent and Whistler and Henry James, what —O my!—should be said of John Jay Chapman, who never did a book that was a solid contribution to the subject, and who spent so much of his life evading any test of strength with his gifted contemporaries?

The truth is that John Jay Chapman is

Autumn in Another State

It is in low silence always that one errs,
Hearing the trees outside distinctly, where
The high wind, generally, obscures and blurs

The most discreet intentions, and defers
The private mumming that harms beyond repair.
It is in low silence always that one errs:

Night sounds in ponds, disturbances in firs
Suggest that beyond the window, in the air,
The high wind generally obscures and blurs;

Thus all his whispers disappear in hers.
When the humming of touch alone has laid his bare,
It is in low silence, always that one errs.

He finds, that when morning weather disinters
Buried decisions, his eyes can't stand the glare,
The high wind generally obscures and blurs.

Forget him. Observe the erasure that occurs
When, after actions emerge as seeming clear
(It is in low silence, always, that one errs),
The high wind generally obscures, and blurs.

JOHN HOLLANDER

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significant not for what he wrote but for what he was. He is the symbol of an ordeal—the ordeal of the gifted and sensitive individual, almost crushed by an inimical setting, who no longer has a *subject* to turn to. Despite the many books that Chapman wrote, his life gives out an unmistakable suggestion of idleness and personal embarrassment. He knew how he wanted to live, not what he wanted to live for. When he writes that "All life is nothing but passion," he is of no interest. When he re-lives Garrison's life and flames out again, he is significant and moving because, in writing about Garrison, he dramatizes the plight of the individual conscience in his own time.

But unlike Garrison and Emerson, who actively disturbed the peace, who determined the history of this country, Chapman's importance is symbolic, circumstantial. What he wrote matters far less than what he represents in our modern history and the fact that he knew this himself explains not only his suffering, but—what I have not even touched on here—his extraordinary intelligence. In the last analysis, Chapman's bond with other great historical actors of this period—Roosevelt, William James, Shaw—is not his gift of "passion," but of intelligence. No one can read his work, as in this fine volume of selections, without realizing how much more Chapman could have given us, if he had not had to spend so much of his energy in saving himself.

What Went Wrong in Algeria

by Percy Winner

THE WAR in Algeria has lasted for more than three years. On the scale of atomic warfare expectations the casualties have been relatively few—a mere trifle of some 50,000 dead, mostly Algerians. Even the Indo-Chinese and Korean wars were more deadly. But if the Communists were primarily responsible for labelling the Indo-Chinese war as "dirty" many decent democrats find the Algerian war damaging in a deeper sense; the conflict is becoming a financial hemorrhage for France, a moral cancer for the French people. It has already cost the French government in budgetary expenditures alone some 700 billion francs, about five percent of the net national income; it has used up well over half of the foreign currency reserve and heavily burdened the domestic economy; and in keeping nearly half a million young men at a sterile Sisyphean task in North Africa, it has been a powerful inflationary factor. The boom prosperity which disguised the baleful effect of the Algerian war has come to an end. The never-ending political crisis affects by now more than the government: it approaches the *crise de regime*. Although the New York *Times* still believes that the present French problems "are mainly economic and social, not Algeria as one might imagine," the *Economist* is closer to the reality: "The 'pacification' of Algeria is not just an economic burden; it threatens the Republic."

Lieutenant in Algeria, by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, translated by Ronald Matthews (Knopf; $3.50).

Written for a French public largely as an impassioned political tract, in some ways already out of date, *Lieutenant in Algeria* nevertheless may in its present American version make a large American public understand why "pacification" has gone so wrong. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber is singularly well equipped for the task. At 33 one of the most brilliant political polemicists in a country where intellectual standards are high, he is also a man of action. He was recalled to active military service last year (obviously to satisfy political enemies who wanted to silence him) but as protests caused the recall order to be cancelled, he volunteered; he did so well in his six months in Algeria that he was given high military commendation, approved even by his political enemies in the army. But neither military nor simple physical courage has ever been lacking among the French, even now. The relevant fact about M. Servan-Schreiber (and this journal of his Algerian experiences) is that in addition to being lucid and energetic, he is honest, humane and morally courageous, a combination of virtues unfortunately rare in present-day France.

It happens that M. Servan-Schreiber was first brought to the attention of American readers through *The New Republic;* at the very beginning of his career passages from editorial articles of his in *Le Monde* of Paris were quoted in this journal, the ambitious, arrogant, cock-sure, free-booting intellectual of a half dozen years ago has become a mature *homme engagé*, taking extreme risks for principles and accepting full moral responsibility. But the fate of Pierre Mendès-France, who was one of M. Servan-Schreiber's mentors, suggests that the Cassandra of today may not do better than the one of yesterday.

Lieutenant in Algeria is built around the day-to-day experiences, the feelings, the opinions, the friendships and enmities, hopes and despairs of a dozen or so fellow-officers, most of them actual persons. For the most part M. Servan-Schreiber keeps out of the way, lets the others act and talk, fairly recounts views close to his own and those totally opposed. But he also describes how an attempt was made to kill him, and another to blackmail him into silence, to interfere with his effort to work with the Black Commandos: "banking on the Arab people, trying to reach them again, believing that the only chance of saving —in part at least—France's position in Algeria is to stake one's all on trust." The issue is between those who believe that militant Algerian nationalism is "a pan-Islamic plot . . . imposed on the Algerian people by terror" and those who "stick to the idea that the real roots of the revolt lie in popular resentment, and that the only way of ending it is by treating the people as human beings and seeking contact with them in every possible way."

AS THINGS are now in Algeria, pacification has become a mockery. The army which might have been an arbiter or umpire, controlling the two extremes and making for some reasonable compromise, has become the protector of the privileges of a handful of Frenchmen and other Europeans settled in Algeria. The only means of maintaining the position of the French residents, as it is now, in force. Any other method must lead to a modification of the present forms. M. Servan-Schreiber goes far to

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support his view that the key to the situation is contact with the Moslem population—a view which, by the way, was that of Mendès-France before it was his. But he professes a faith in France in the introduction to the American translation, which does not emerge from the text of the book itself; and he stops short of Algerian independence: the book, he says, "will show those who are honestly looking for a way out of this war that the very nature of the struggle rules out any solution other than trusting France."

After the effort to silence him, M. Servan-Schreiber comments:

> You start by kicking an animal that looks like a man but is really of another species, and, unconscious of the transition, you end up by treating a French officer as if he were a Place Pigalle pimp. . . . The truth is that contempt for human beings cannot be rationed or controlled—because eventually it corrupts . . . a subtle progressive poisoning of the Frenchman's way of thinking could lead from the degradation of this war to the degradation of France itself."

This really is the theme and warning of the book—

> . . . the conviction of all of us felt that we were immersed in the heart of a tragedy in which the whole feature of the country was at stake. . . . The moral corruption engendered by a war turned rotten threatened to infect France. . . .

At the end M. Servan-Schreiber begins to see a parallel with the American Civil War. That war settled something beyond the fate of the slaves; the war had been a struggle between the democratic potential of the Federal government and the most powerful of feudal privileges. Of these the one which arouses the deepest feelings is based on an enslaved race, and when it is called in question the conflict that arises is a life-and-death struggle, inevitably sweeping in with it all other conflicts. "Soon" — and the *Lieutenant in Algeria* is now thinking about men with the rank of Marshals of France, both inside and outside the army

> . . . the very nature of power, the political content of the State, is at stake. As the immense front of the privileged, with their allies, their servants, and their dupes, solidifies in and through the struggle, as it mobilizes all the violent emotions and develops a network of interdependent interests, the State, on pain of abdication, must rely on the people and draw strength from the people, the only possible ally. This force, however, can be utilized only if it is available—that is, if it is free and organized.

But Captain Julienne, one of the best of the Lieutenant's vehicles of political dialectic, brushes aside the triumphant rhetorical flourish. Too many Frenchmen in France, he points out, big and little men, important or insignificant, are tied up by economic, social or moral solidarity to the "patriots" of Algeria. The "Southerners" are in control in Paris as well as Algiers because too many Frenchmen feel they would suffer in some way from a real change in the system. The implication is that they might prefer a change in the *regime*—in the form of the French state—to a change in the system. As for a "revolution" in France, Julienne is even more cynical:

> What'll happen will be quite different. Pretty soon the Powers who rule our little world will impose a settlement of this whole business which will stop the war, prevent any rough stuff—and, of course, turn us out of here. . . . The fate of Algeria will be a whim of the future. And France's future will be settled for years to come—just as the future of Spain was once upon a time.

M. Servan-Schreiber protests that France is not yet dead, that "my country retains a faith and an energy, which will yet permit her to surmount her present sea of troubles." Perhaps, if there were more Frenchmen like M. Servan-Schreiber, the Fourth Republic might have a better chance to survive. Unfortunately, nothing suggest that there are many.

Notes on Contributors

ALFRED KAZIN is the author of *On Native Grounds* and other critical studies of American literature. JOHN HOLLANDER'S first book, *A Crackling of Thorns*, will be published next spring by The Yale University Press. PERCY WINNER, who contributed weekly European articles to *NR* for many years, is a veteran writer on international affairs. An Anglo-Irish novelist, HONOR TRACY is the author of *The Straight and Narrow Path*. PHILIP ROTH'S short stories have appeared in numerous periodicals and in Foley's *Best Stories of 1956*.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

A Child's Quarrel With God

by Honor Tracy

MR. IAN CROSS is a new writer with considerable powers of expression. His first novel deals with the fashionable theme of childhood and, like so many first novels, it appears to be autobiographical. So we must wait for another book from Mr. Cross to know if here is a novelist of real imagination and creative power, as seems very likely,

The God Boy, by Ian Cross (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50).

or if he has merely, though brilliantly, got something off his chest.

The curious title is explained by Jimmy Sullivan's obsession with God, by whom he feels himself in a special way to be marked out and whom he blames for all the misery of his life at home. He is for ever arguing with, and threatening, the Deity. "I don't care what else God is going to try on me, but whatever it is, he had better watch his step," he asserts defiantly, when the worst has happened and his father is dead, his mother detained in a prison hospital. Or again, on a different note altogether, "I was a baby like other babies, a little boy like other little boys, and I certainly didn't do any big wrong. That's what I have against God. Me so little and he God."

The second quotation reveals a frame of mind, or an attitude, that somewhat detracts from the power of the book as a whole. This is not Jimmy Sullivan talking at all, but a disagreeable interpolation of adult self-pity. A child's grief may be long and bitter and incomprehensible to him, it may wound and amaze him, but he does not weep over it as a spectator, he lives in its very center and heart. It is the grown man looking back, with moist eyes and a lump in his throat, who sentimentalizes and therefore cheapens and falsifies. This snivelling by the mature over their childhood's traumata is a deplorable feature of contemporary letters, due perhaps to a wide dissemination and a partial understanding of handbooks on psychology. All that goes wrong is comfortably laid at the parents' door, which makes us wonder if the real curse of Adam and Eve were not, simply, having no one to blame. Mr. Cross goes one better and pins it on God; but there are disquieting signs of his general adherence to a school from which his intelligence properly debars him.

On the other hand, the author's treatment of his material deserves nothing but praise. From the moment early on where his father, who is tipsy, remarks, "Home we go to our loving wife and mother and one more round in the heavyweight championship of the world" to the last horror when his father is nowhere to be seen and his mother, in the custody of a strange, abrupt woman, takes leave of him, the child's tragedy is unfolded with immense skill. When his elder sister, now living under an assumed name, tries to comfort him, to explain without explaining, he says: "You know something, Mum and Dad were very happy, laughing and kissing each other." He describes how they would spoon away and how once they got into a bath together. None of it was true: it had all happened in the house of a school-friend whose parents were in love and the boy, as children will, had transferred it to his own life. Again, it would have been easy to make out the nuns and the priest in charge of Jimmy's school as stupid or insincere, but Mr. Cross is too much the artist to do so. They are kind and well-intentioned, they utter the truths they believe in and live by, but it is not enough: their "cloud of unknowing" only makes his burden the more grievous. As for the final act, where Jimmy reaches breaking-point at the same time as his mother and, having perpetrated a series of outrages round the town, believes her distracted behavior is due to these, it is truly splendid.

WE HOPE for great things from Mr. Cross: and we hope too that, as a New Zealander, he may one day write in English. At present he uses the flat, somewhat graceless idiom usual among the disciples of Mr. Hemingway, for which a period of study at Harvard seems no real explanation. He ought to give his native tongue a chance: it is by no means a bad one, and possesses a not inconsiderable literature.

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ART

Down at Neiman's Bar and Grill

LE ROY NEIMAN is a young Chicago painter who has been appearing in major exhibitions for the last three or four years. He is now having his first one man show at the Todes Gallery in Glencoe, a northern suburb of the city. He deserves a wider audience. Like the majority of Chicago area galleries, the Todes is more than half front for a decorating business. The attendant reports that, as rarely happens, the suburban males, who come in in the wake of their wives, notice Neiman with a shock of recognition and are suitably absorbed in the paintings while the curtains and doorknobs are chosen.

The reason is clear: the scene is familiar. Neiman's chief subject is the urban bar and grill that, no matter where your office or what train you take, is always handy between the two. The people are familiar as their spot. They come from broadcasting, slick magazine and best seller publishing, advertising, public relations; there's an occasional entertainer or personality. Neiman's place might be called the Hurry-On-Down Bar and Grill. Most of the customers are professional communicators and what they mostly communicate is Hurry-on-down —to your newsstand, your movie theatre, your neighborhood pharmacist, your friendly Cadillac dealer. Neiman's place is where they themselves hurry on down on the way to the train, on the way to dinner, on the way to bed. It offers the consolations of religion and provides a background for the quick deal, the low pressure pitch, the tentative pass and the furtive agony of the hopeless affair.

"Key Club Bar" is about as fine an example as there is on view. The picture was in last year's Corcoran Biennial. You look into it as if you were sitting at the end of the bar. Straight ahead, running right into the center of the picture is the glintery train of the underbar: rows of glasses, the buckets, the ice, the bottles in use, the cloths. On your left the steps of the back bar, with massed bottles, converges on the same point, its movement not quite paralleled by the duckboards. At the end of the bar, a group of three, two roaring with laughter, the other throwing an anxious glance down the bar. Just to your right two serious drinkers. Between them and the trio a lady all pink puts her lips to an ear and a beautifully fingered hand on a collar casually. In the background another couple of figures fades into the atmosphere. In a sense they all fade into the atmosphere. The light is low and lurid with intense reds, greens and purples washing individual figures, sparking off bottles and glasses and hanging in the air in great clouds.

ALL OF THIS is painted in what looks at first like a very slapdash manner. It's anything but that. At ten feet everything in the picture falls into flawless perspective. As an ancillary excellence, Neiman has completely solved the problem of lettering as part of a painting. Old Fitzgerald, Old Forrester—all your old friends—are in the picture as if they weren't letters at all but details accurately seen. A single line or a slight change of color often suffices for the recognized reality. Neiman, although his way with paint is unmistakably of this decade, has learned a lot from such earlier visitors to earlier bars as John Sloan, Guy du Bois and Goya.

The real center of "Key Club Bar" is the impassive neutral figure of the bartender who, shirtsleeved, stands with his hands in his pockets between orders and runs the whole show in much the way that negative space can dominate an abstract composition.

This is a contrast that Neiman uses pretty regularly, the professional in pleasure providing the goods for the determinedly gay. He never goes out of his way to make this the point of a painting. It is simply a part of the scene and the good reporter includes it. The only approach—and it's not very close —to the satiric is "Waltz," in which the working stiffs are evenly matched with their customers. The bright arcs of the dancers are played superbly against the stolid diligence of the society orchestra. You can hear the music of inanity as clearly as you can hear the music of nostalgia at the bar and grill but it exists for the mind's ear solely as recorded fact. In a couple of the Chicago drinking places Neiman visits, the cash register is the focus of the painting and again there is no overt comment. The machine is treated as a big mass of color and weight round which this little world extends itself. In this world money goes without saying and Neiman doesn't bother to say it.

The private gambling club is another area of fruitful observation. Roulette wheels and their layouts are used as bones and the crowd fleshes out around their structure. Again there is rendered with precision and economy the play between croupier and customer and among the latter a keen awareness of both sides of the thin line between hypnotised fascination and utter boredom. "Casino," a large vertical, all but dissolves the faces in a steaming yellow mass given form only by the firmness of the wheels.

NEIMAN'S bar and grill has a country branch, the track. In his own way Neiman here goes out for the values so beautifully achieved by such Gallic handicappers as Villon and Dufy. The color, the motion and the forms—the decorative values—are all there but again there are, for example, the unique relationship between jockey and owner and the distinctive professionalism of the jockey.

On view at the Todes are a couple of yacht basins and a couple of city scenes from thirty stories up. Technically these are as competently done as the others and they achieve the same success in recording the look of a place. With yachts and buildings, the eye is looking and looking expertly. In the bar and grill, it is seeing deeply.

In Neiman's bar and grill what really becomes clear is that hurry-on-down is, after all, the only direction to the Inferno. In "Carousel" the riderless bright horses leap up in joyous speed and each is impaled on a golden spike.

FRANK GETLEIN

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MOVIES

Our War of the Roses

HOLLYWOOD has always been attracted to the cinematic possibilities of the American Civil War. It's a natural for an epic—it is our War of the Roses. In the newest Civil War film, MGM's three hour, Technicolor, Camera 65 ("The Window of the World"), *Raintree County,* the traditional Civil War themes are present, as is the epic intention, but all is subsumed in the largest of American themes, the theme of Success, the search for the Great American Yes.

Raintree County (MGM).

The hero of *Raintree County* is Johnny Shawnessy (Montgomery Clift), a young man of literary promise who comes of age in Indiana about the time of the Civil War. Upon graduating from Pedie Academy in 1859, Johnny is told by his Professor about the raintree, a tree of golden flowers which is said to have been planted somewhere in Raintree County by Johnny Appleseed; it is the tree that "unlocks the doors, heals all wound." So Johnny searches, at first—as a young man—for the actual tree, and then, in manhood, for the tree as it blooms in life. Near the end of the film he discovers that there is no tree; what is important, he says, is what you find while you are out looking.

This sounds, I fear, more intelligent than it appears on the screen. Actually the whole business of the raintree is handled grossly, and symbols are telegraphed like left hooks in amateur boxing bouts. I suppose one can be made to accept Johnny's literal response to the myth when he first hears it—his descent into the swamp in quest of the golden tree, though a bit simple-minded (especially for a poet who ought to know what metaphors are all about), is in keeping with his youthful "idealism." What is upsetting is that throughout the rest of the picture, whenever anyone mentions the raintree, the combined choruses of greater Los Angeles and Santa Barbara are set to humming and strumming like a flock of ecstatic angels. And to top it off, at the end of the picture, after Johnny has said that there is *no* tree, what should turn up but the *actual* tree. The final shot we see is of Johnny walking out of the swamp, and behind him, blooming gloriously via Camera 65, the golden tree. As a result of the descent of the symbol into sentimentality, the whole point of Johnny's adventure—the loss of innocence and the growth, through moral suffering, of maturity—becomes almost pointless.

The raintree, however, is not the film's only symbol. The alliance of Johnny to the southern belle, Susanna (Elizabeth Taylor) is intended also to be seen as symbolic, or perhaps, analogical. Susanna is a beautiful young lady from Louisiana who comes for a while to live in Raintree County, Indiana. Her dark sensuality woos Johnny away from his school-day's sweetheart, Nell (Eva Marie Saint); then, claiming that she is pregnant, Susanna tricks Johnny into marriage and takes him with her back to the South. There Johnny learns that Susanna is half-crazed, from a belief that she is the daughter of a Negress who worked in her father's household. Eventually Susanna's self-hatred drives her to madness, and when the Civil War ends, she takes her life, a gesture which leaves Johnny free, apparently, to really himself with Nell, the girl from Raintree County.

In the marriage of Johnny, the Northerner, and Susanna, the Southerner, we have then the paradox of the American Union, and, in a fashion, the Struggle of the Body and the Soul: Susanna is the sensualist-aristocrat in whose world elegance and indulgence are hardly distinguishable; Johnny is the man of the spirit, the poet, the abolitionist, who despises the society of the South. Despite all the passion and love they feel, their union is impossible; and not only must they separate (that is, must Susanna separate herself from him) but in the end, for Johnny's good, Susanna must die. The analogy hardens (though curiously, I will admit) when we see that Susanna takes her life the day Lincoln is buried; when we see her give birth to a boy-child that day Fort Sumter is fired upon; when, in fact, we learn that she and Johnny had first become lovers on the Fourth of July!

IN thus boiling down three hours worth of plot into a few sentences I have doubtless made this union of Johnny and Susanna seem as gross in its symbolism as is the raintree. For the most part, however, it is not, and what excellence the film has lies in the predicament of Shawnessy and his southern bride. In fact, when the film succeeds most it is not because the Shawnessy's are made to represent some larger issue, but rather because the larger issue, the Civil War, is made to seem the analogue of the Shawnessy's private war. I should like to note that Montgomery Clift, whose sullenness had generally seemed to me rather more constitutional than invented, manages to shake himself loose and to play Johnny with just the right amounts of wit, irony, and intelligence. Miss Taylor, whose sensuality has frequently seemed rather more invented than constitutional, does an adequate job as Susanna, especially when one considers the super-psychologizing that the writers of the film seem to find necessary to explain the young lady's behavior. As for Eva Marie Saint, she does the best she can with a role that could hardly have been individualized unless, perhaps, it had been played by Peter Lorre.

PHILIP ROTH

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

us anything new about the ordinary judicial process. It does seem to me, however, that we should have learned a good bit about the ultimate role of the executive in the Federal judicial process —and the appalling cost of executive infirmity.

The truth is that until the very moment when he issued his proclamation and gave General Walker his marching orders, the official position of the President was that he had no affirmative role to play in the controversy: he assumed that somehow orders issued by federal judges are self-enforcing; he disclaimed responsibility by asserting that the whole problem should be left to the courts; and he made it crystal-clear that he would not support the courts by ultimate force under any conceivable circumstances. Even more important, was the fact that the strategy of detachment adopted by Mr. Eisenhower and Attorney General Brownell did not even contemplate that *local* federal law enforcement officers would act in any capacity but that of observers. As near as one could ascertain, no federal officer undertook the positive task of carrying out the order of Judge Davies, *i.e.,* of seeing to it that the children got into the school.

It is plain now that the President was put to his last resort (paratroops with bayonets) because of his earlier failure to use a moderate first resort (US marshals backed up by the FBI), a forceful second resort (federalizing the Arkansas militia, and giving them the added duty of guaranteeing safe conduct for the nine pupils), or a less-inflammatory third resort (a detachment of military police with traditional police equipment). Having failed to take moderate steps, Mr. Eisenhower had no recourse but massive retaliation when the ugly violence of September 23 erupted.

Moreover, there is recent evidence at hand that the President has still not learned the lesson of executive firmness. In a remarkable communication to Gov. Daniel of Texas last week, he asserted his troops in Little Rock " . . . are not there to enforce desegregation; they are there to support our federal court system."

It seems to me that the best way to obviate the use of last resort force in future cases is the judicious employment of affirmative executive force not involving troops. For example, what would be a more flagrant contempt of court than interference with a marshal—the enforcer of court decrees—who is escorting children to school under direct orders of a federal judge? The lesson of Nashville and Clinton was that violence collapses when the most violent ringleaders are clapped in jail.

When it came to inculcating respect for law, federal marshals were towering figures in the making of the West. I suspect they might play a central role in the re-making of the South—if President Eisenhower would let them!

STEWART L. UDALL,
Member of Congress

Tucson, Arizona

" . . . My heartfelt thanks"

I WANT to express my heartfelt thanks to Charles J. Black, Jr. for writing and to you for publishing "Paths to Desegregation." (*NR,* Oct. 21). This is, in my opinion, the most lucid statement of the problem yet made. . . . It is my firm belief that copies should be sent to every judge who might conceivably be in a position to pass on desegregation plans set up by school boards.

Mr. Black's dream that "the two could join and look toward the future together" is *not* impossible of achievement so long as *The New Republic* and men of his stature can do so.

MERVYN R. KENNEDY

Rosemead, Cal.

► *The Death of Salvemini*

SIRS:

THE BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE on my dear friend Salvemini in your issue of October 21 moved me deeply. Among the memories which it stirred is one which illustrates the uncanny ability of that great and simple man to sum up in a word or two the crux of the whole matter under discussion. After a lecture he was accosted by a female critic who posed the usual fascist questions: "But isn't it true that the streets are clean, and there aren't any beggars, and the trains run on time?" "Yes, madam," he said gravely, "but does justice run on time?"

JULIAN PARK

Buffalo, N.Y.

. . . Iris Origo

I SUGGEST your readers might like to have identified the Iris Origo who wrote the Prof. Salvemini obituary recently published. It was most impressively done.

F. B. WOLD

Ferndale, Michigan

Iris Origo is the daughter of an American father and an English mother, and the wife of an Italian. Articles by her have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The New Statesman*; her books include a study of the Italian poet Leopardi, a life of Cola di Rienzo, *The Last Attachment* (Byron's last period in Italy), *The Merchant of Prato* (a portrait of a Tuscan merchant of the late Middle Ages) and, soon to be published, *A Measure of Love.*

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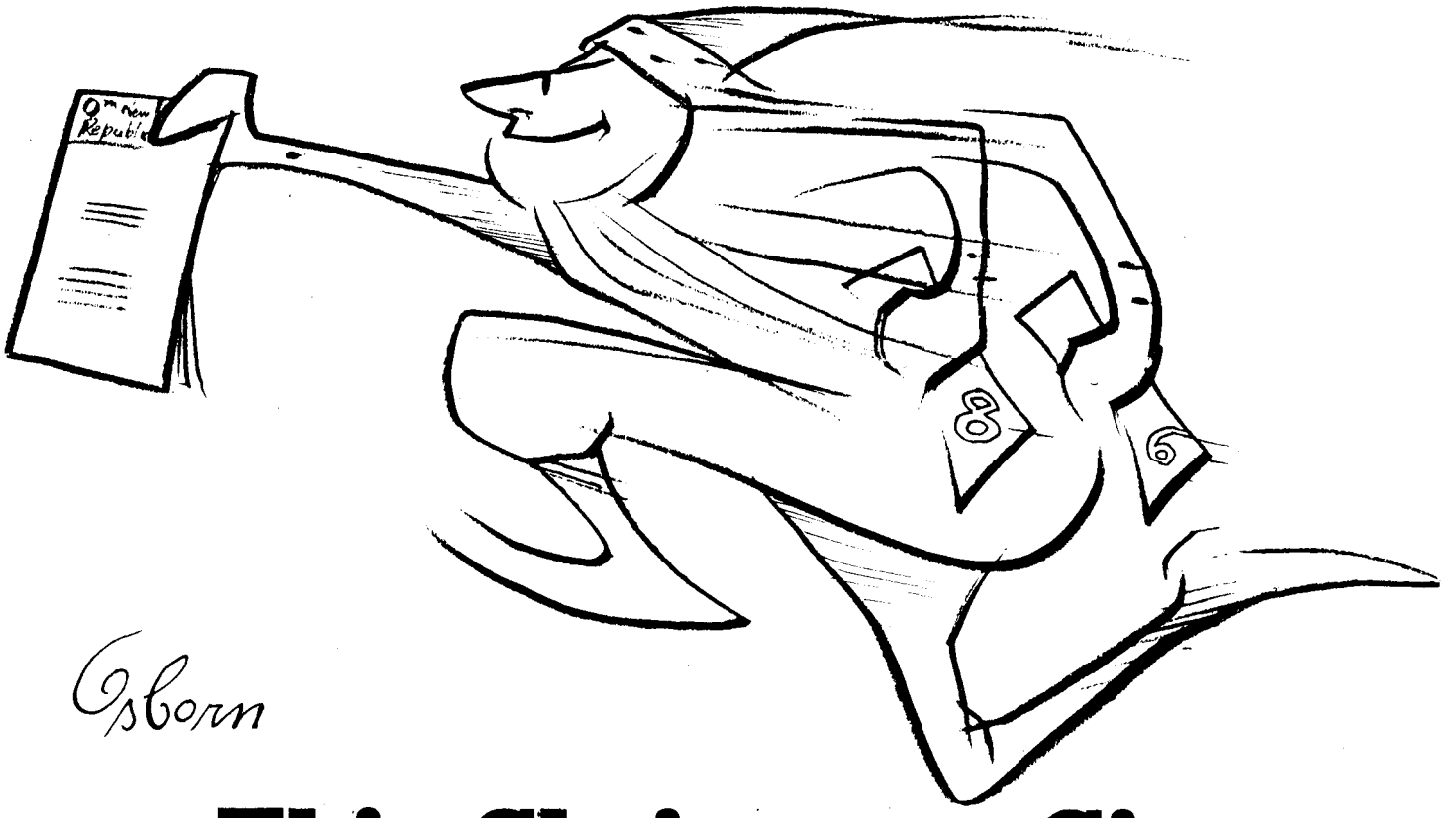

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